

THE CRUMB

Vol. 56, No. 2

BREADLOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE Wed., Aug. 12, 1981

CRUMB TO FOLD?

STORY ON PAGE 2

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Lecture	R. Pack	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture	S. Elkin	Little Theatre
11:20	Lecture	L. Pastan	Little Theatre
2:00	Lecture	R. Powers	Little Theatre
4:15	Readings	C. Oles P. Edwards R. Flint	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading	M. Bell	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

Written During Depression: How to Be Happy

To be happy,
a man must love death
and failure. Then,
however great the flash
of this moment or that bit
of life's work, there
will come always another moment
to be appreciated because
fading or crumbling. If,
however, a man loves
life, there can be no end to it,
nor hope. If a man loves
reason, eventually he
will find none. If he loves
the interest of others,
he will be made to apologize
continually for his own being.
If he loves form, all
that he does or knows will
come, not to nothing, but
to that other possibility
of meaninglessness: everything.
That is why "the shape of things
to come" is a phrase littered with
tracks into the bush
where the pure primitive
is a headhunter's delusion,
and why, my dear, I love you.

from Stars Which See, Stars Which
Do Not See
by Marvin Bell

The Crumb welcomes letters to the editor, complaints, and requests for advice to the literary-lorn (to be published in the "Dear Eddy" column). News items of Conference interest (such as announcements of informal meetings, readings and social gatherings) are also welcome. Leave submissions in The Crumb box (smaller than a bread box) outside the blue parlor. Items left after 6 p.m. may not appear until a day later or, given the extra time for the editor's consideration, may not appear at all.

HAPPIER HOUR: A reception for all will be held on the West Lawn (heart of Bread Loafian) by the Inn on Thursday (tomorrow) at 5 p.m. Vodka punch and hors d'oeuvres will be offered to those received. In case of rain, go to the barn. Come learn the names of another 50 people.

STEADY YOUR SHAKING HANDS TILL FRI:

Mark your callendar for Friday, Aug. 14; Monday, Aug. 17; and Wednesday, Aug. 19. On those days, members of the administrative staff (socialoids) will take prepaid orders for wine, beer, and liquor. Come to the blue parlor in the Inn at 1:30 to place your order. A pick-up location will be announced later.

MEMORY AS MUSE is the title of Linda Pastan's lecture today. Due to tight deadlines and the ICBW strike, other lecture titles are not available. Future titles will appear in the front page schedule.

LOST? Obviously believing that this conference still uses the barter system, a couple of yesterday's registrants left items other than money in the blue parlor: a blue blazer, a tweed jacket, and the first-born son of an aspiring poet from Texas. All except the boy may be claimed at the front desk in the Inn. The boy was traded to a shop in Middlebury in return for a typewriter.

DIETERS: If you plan to miss a lunch or dinner from our dining room, please inform the front desk.

TALKERS: Please do not linger in the dining room after finishing your meals. Waitroids must clean up and set up for the next meal before they can leave for lectures, readings, ... If you wish a third cup of coffee, find it at the snack bar in the barn.

SMOKERS: Please do not smoke in the Little Theatre or the dining room.

CRUMBI ANTIQUIII: from The Crumb of Aug. 18, 1934: "Mr. Munson in speaking about the stories of William Faulkner, commented upon the tension built up out of the author's own inarticulate 'trying to say', a tension implying its presence, but not really existing, among the characters." The tension is still building.

TROUBLED CRUMB

In what was termed a "disturbing development" Tuesday night, members of union local #29 of the International Consolidated Brotherhood of Wordmongers (ICBW) walked away from their video display terminals (VDT) virtually paralyzing The Crumb. The walkout occurred on the first day of the 56th annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference (BLWC) after contract talks between union leaders, representatives of the BLWC, and mediators from the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) broke down.

Emerging haggard and disheveled from negotiations that had reached far into the early morning hours, BLWC Administrative Director Stanley Bates (ADSB) announced the talks' collapse and held out "a small measure of hope" for a reconciliation with the ICBW. When informed of the journalists' strike, however, he was visibly shaken. "They can't do that," he said, "It's not in their contract."

The walkout came on the heels of other troubles for the beleaguered Crumb and raised some question as to whether it could survive this latest blow. In 1980, a long trial resulting from libelous material in the paper finally resulted in a costly out-of-court settlement. In January, a pressmen's strike, the result of the transition to electronic data processing and computerized typesetting (EDP, CT) equipment, halted publication for months. Rising printing costs were also reflected in losses for the first and second quarters of 1981. The amounts of the losses were not publicly disclosed, but Conference Secretary Carol Knauss (CCK) described them as "whoppers".

How this latest development will affect Crumb publication is not clear. At a pre-dawn news conference, ADSP announced that he had talked to Conference Director Robert Pack (ODRP), who is described as "hanging tough". He also said that he had informed the NLRB and ICBW that they have until Thursday to get back to their VDTs before being terminated (AXED).

The union maintains, that the main issue is not one of money but of working conditions. Union Rep. Ira A. Hack (URIAH) insists on that distinction. URIAH is the Crumb's society editor. "Look at me," he said to reporters in a darkened hotel room. "Do I look like a healthy journalist? Out gathering BLWC society news all night and then have to gaze into this glowing VDT all day. It's hell."

Meanwhile, The Crumb continued to function with a skeleton crew of managers. Public concern over the reliability of reporting seems to be the main issue now. When asked about that, ADSB declared, "Let me state unequivocally that this year's Crumb will be as straightforward and reliable as last year's."

THE GRUMB

Vol. 56, No. 3

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thurs., Aug. 13, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Lecture: The Misanthropic Potato	M. Bell	Little Theatre
10:00	Lecture: How does one know if one's a writer, not a born junkman, bus driver, or t.v. repairman?	J. Gardner S. Lindberg	Little Theatre
11:20	Panel: Little Magazines	R. Jackson G. Murphy	Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups*	W. Stafford J. Gardner E. Jong W. Matthews H. Wolitzer J. Irving G. Wolff R. Powers T. O'Brien S. Elkin L. Pastan H. Nemerov M. Bell	Treman Library upstairs Library downstairs Barn 6 Barn 3 Fritz liv. room Barn 4 Barn 2 Barn 1 Blue Parlor Barn 5 Little Theatre Main Barn
** Discussion group lists are posted on the bulletin board outside the bookstore in the Inn. Find the group to which you are assigned and go to the location listed here.			
3:00	Guest Lecture - CANCELED	M. Guarnaschelli	
4:15	Readings: from <u>The Ruined Motel</u> (poems) from <u>Virgin With Child</u> (novel) (non-fiction)	R. Gibbons T. McDonough M. Coel	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: from <u>The Hotel New Hampshire</u>	J. Irving	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

Their "act" together, performed before the lawn parties in the late afternoon, was more of an effort for the motorcycle and Freud than it was an effort for the bear. Around and around Freud would drive, the bear in the sidecar, canopy snapped off--the bear like a pilot in an open cockpit without controls....Around and around they would drive, and just before the bored guests returned to their conversation and abandoned this oddity, Freud would stop the motorcycle, dismount, with the engine running, and walk to the sidecar, where he would harass the bear in German. This was funny to the crowd, largely because someone speaking German was funny, but Freud would persist until the bear, slowly, would climb out of the sidecar and mount the motorcycle, sitting in the driver's seat, his heavy paws on the handlebars, his short hind legs not able to reach the footposts or the rear-brake controls. Freud would climb into the sidecar and order the bear to drive off.

Nothing would happen, Freud would sit in the sidecar, protesting their lack of action; the bear would gruffly hold the handbars, bounce in the saddle, paddle his legs back and forth, as if he were treading water.

"Grate o'Haines!" someone would shout. The bear would nod, with a kind of embarrassed dignity, and stay where he was.

Freud, now raging in a German everyone loved to hear, climbed out of the sidecar and approached the bear at the controls. He attempted to show the animal how to operate the motorcycle.

"Clutch!" Freud would say: he'd hold the bear's big paw over the clutch handle. "Throttle!" he would shout: he'd rev the motorcycle with the bear's other paw. . . . "Shift!" Freud cried, and slipped the cycle into gear.

Whereupon the bear on the motorcycle would proceed across the lawn, the throttle held at a steady low growl, neither accelerating nor slowing down but moving resolutely toward the snug and beautifully attired guests.

from The Hotel New Hampshire
by John Irving

UNREVERED:

Sub-Cultures: At past conferences, some natural sub-groups (such as non-fiction writers or writers of children's literature) have organized meetings outside the regular schedule in order to discuss actual concerns. You are free to use the bulletin boards to organize such meetings. We do ask that such meetings avoid conflict with the regular conference schedule.

Raisina Levi has organized a meeting for anyone involved or interested in the teaching of writing (poetry, fiction) to high school and junior college students. The meeting will begin at 12:30 today on the Inn porch.

Liquor-liver burning bright: Remember that a reception for all will occur this afternoon at 5:00 and be received by Lord Byron Bridgman of the Black and Whites (a very old Vermont ale). Rain? Go home.

Tomorrow at 5:00, the socialoids will host a cocktail party on the library lawn. Neither of these events requires you to bring anything other than chairs.

However, for future BION events and for purely private medicinal purposes, our socialoids will take your prepaid order for liquor, beer and wine.

tomorrow at 1:30 p.m. in the Rice Parlor. As if by magic, your liquid desires will be ready for you to sip immediately after supper Friday, also in the Rice Parlor.

If You Leave Us in the Dark, We Can't See Your Lovely Looks: Much of the eastern seaboard was blacked out this morning when someone in the Inn switched on an electric hairdryer at 7 a.m.

If you haven't noticed, the wiring up here is old and fuses are prone to being blown. For that reason, hairdryers are prohibited.

Fat Houston Can't Cut It: We know that's what they're saying, but if you lived with Bob. . . . Anyway, she needs a ride to Long Island tomorrow. See her at Birch #2 if you can help.

Plan Your Hunger! Off-campus folk who wish to eat in the dining hall must purchase tickets for lunch no later than noon and for supper no later than 6:00.

Panel Notes: Members of the panel on little magazines are Stanley Lindberg of The Georgia Review, Rick Jackson of Poetry Miscellany, and George Murphy of Tendrils.

ABC POWER PLAY

Good fortune has a way of arriving during Bread Loaf's two weeks each year. In 1980, Betsy Sachs received notice that Atheneum would publish her book. This year, such luck has struck again.

ABC Television has signed a contract with Ron Fowers for the rights to produce and broadcast his 1981 Bread Loaf lecture as a docudrama. The program to be set at Bread Loaf (but transplanted to Aspen, Colorado) will be filmed in Burbank and will feature an all-star cast. The lead role of Rock Power (based on Ron), a struggling young pop music critic and astrologer for Good Morning, America, will be played by Geraldo Riviera. Bob Pack will be played by Ernest Borgnine; Stnaley Bates by Michael Landon; and Carol Knauss by Loni Anderson. Central to the success of the contract negotiations was ABC's agreeing to give a cameo role to Ron Powers, who will play the waitroid who lights Rock's marijuana cigarette in the dining hall.

Although the screenwriters are still attempting to enhance the storyline to give it more relevance, a synopsis uncovered by The Crumb describes Bread Loaf as a summer camp for burnt-out rock musicians who come for rest and methodone treatments before heading back out on the concert circuits again. The climax comes when Rock--himself an addict--is visited by the spirit of Robert Frost, played by Alec Guinness. Taking Rock's old acoustic guitar, he gives the awed young man an electric guitar with strange and wonderful powers. "The juice be with you," Frost says. So inspired by this, Rock kicks his habit and hits the road.

If this pilot receives sufficient ratings, ABC executives, according to an insider, will probably use it as the basis of a weekly serial, tentatively entitled Magnum Rock.

Congratulations, Ron! In all truth, we are envious of such success.

DEAR EDDY: Advice to the literary-lorn

Dear Eddy: I consider myself one of the pioneers of the "cubic movement" of contemporary poetry. Although very complex, cubic poetry is distinguished from traditional forms in that it uses metric rather than English units for scansion. Whereas the jargon of prosody has always referred to "meter," actual line measurements are done in "feet." This has led to incredible confusion among poets and readers. Books baldly state that a line of five feet is pentameter. Any fool knows that five meters is much longer than five feet. And frankly, with ruler in hand I have gone through volumes of Shakespeare, even allowing for the big folios they used then; measure for measure, not one line is five meters long!

The cubic movement is attempting to rectify this dimension of poetry. We have developed a set of poetic rules (each about ten centimeters long) for measuring lines. But we haven't been able to figure out whether most poets use pica or elite. Do you know?

Scanner in Scranton

Dear Scam: A recent survey by The Crumb reveals that a majority of poets (69%) can hardly be considered elite since they use their feet to write. Happy to clarify for you.

Eddy

Need literary advice? Write "Dear Eddy" in care of The Crumb.

Late Night Note: By law and Bread Loaf regulation, lights in all halls and bathrooms must remain on at night.

THE CRUMB

Vol. 56, No. 4

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Fri., Aug. 14, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Lecture: The Angled Road: Reflexions on Plot	H. Nemerov	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Where Am I? The Writer's Sense of Place.	H. Wollitzer	Little Theatre
11:20	Lecture	E. Jong	Little Theatre
2:00	Lecture: Lines of Authority	W. Matthews	Little Theatre
3:10	Panel: Agents	{ G. Borchardt P. Davison E. Newberg	Little Theatre
4:15	Readings from "Kraken" (fiction) from "Silver" (fiction) from "A Romance" & "On the Wing" (poetry)	{ B. Lobel S. Bauer B. Weigl	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading "Ivy"	G. Wolff	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

My father moved fast to his room, shut the door, and locked it. I was astounded. I don't believe he was afraid of me; I believe he was afraid of what he might do to me. I sat on the edge of my bed, shaking with anger. He turned on his television set loud: Jack Paar. He hated Paar. There was a shot, a hollow noise from the .45. I had heard that deep, awful boom before, coming from the black cellar in Birmingham, a bedroom in Saybrook. I thought my father would kill me. That was my first thought. Then that he would kill himself, then that he had already killed himself. I heard it again, again, again. He raged, glass broke, again, again. The whole clip. Nothing. Silence from him, silence from Paar. A low moan, laughter rising to a crescendo, breaking, a howl, sobs, more laughter. I called to my father.

"Shit fire," he answered, "now I've done it, now I've done it!"

He had broken. No police, the phone was finally disconnected. I tried the door. Locked. Shook it hard. Locked fast. I moved back to shoulder through it and as in a comic movie, it opened.

My father had shot out Jack Paar; bits of tubes and wires were strewn across the floor. He had shot out the pretty watercolors painted by Betty during their Mississippi rendezvous. He had shot out himself in the mirror. Behind the mirror was his closet, and he was looking into his closet at his suits. Dozens of bespoke suits, symmetrically hung, and through each suit a couple of holes in both pant-legs, a couple in the jacket. Four holes at least in each suit, six in the vested models.

"Hell of a weapon," my father said.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Hell of a weapon!"

from The Duke of Deception
by Geoffrey Wolff

UNLEAVENED

The Point Counter Point Chamber Players will return to play their third annual concert of chamber music for the conference this Sunday at 4:15. The program will feature Mozart, Ives, and others. The players are members of the teaching and performing faculty of the Point Counter Point Camp on nearby Lake Dunmore.

Lord Byron Bridgman so enjoyed the bit of pleasure he brought to us all yesterday, he will again host a cocktail party today on the library lawn (near the tennis courts). Bring nothing but yourselves. In rain, go barnward.

Remember to place your orders for liquor today at 1:30 in the blue parlor. Pay when ordering and pick up the goods immediately after supper in the blue parlor.

Tonight's the night for a date with Clark and Claudette. "It Happened One Night" is our feature film presentation. Show begins after Geoff Wolff's reading in the Little Theatre. Bring your own Milk Duds.

After tomorrow night's reading, the socialoids will pump beer and piping a variety of music. This first big dance of B.L.'81 will be set in the barn and is sure to be a memorable occasion. Last year's dance received a collective 91 for danceability and a whopping 99 for social gratification.

Anyone interested in singing madrigals, barbershop quartet music, small-group choral music? Contact the master of mixed media, Tom Crain, Inn box #2308.

Writers interested in children, please meet on Sunday morn. from 9:30 to 11:00 in the blue parlor for fellowship and discussion. Contact H. Humbert for details.

The Washington D.C.-Baltimore writers will offer an informal group reading tonight in Barn 2 at 9:30. All are welcome and may bring refreshments if snoring will not ensue.

Members of the Administrative Staff (office types, socialoids, administrators, crumbs) will offer an informal reading on Saturday (3:15-4:15) and Sunday (2:00-3:00) in Barn 2.

IMPORTANT: Parking is allowed only in the parking lot by the barn.

Joyce Renwick, nurse for the conference in 1978, 1979, and 1980, has returned as a participant (but not nurse) again this year. Joyce will hold an informal discussion group for people interested in writing nurse novels. The meeting will begin at 5:00 today in the infirmary. Joyce is the author of "The I.V. League", "The Color of Her Catheter", and "The Kidney Chronicles".

Rumors that arose early in the week, first discounted by campus security, seem to have some validity. During the warm but hazy evening hours Monday and Tuesday, strollers claim to have seen the dark form of an animal arising from the water of J Johnson's Swimming Pond. The three separate reports bore remarkable similarities. All described the animal as about eight feet tall, furry, vaguely human in its features, and hunched over. None of the strollers reported any signs of aggression on the animal's part; indeed, it fled into the depths of the pond when it saw the approaching humans.

Bread Loaf security, accompanied by a Crumb reporter, surveyed the area but found no sign of the "monster". When asked whether the monster posed a danger to swimmers, security chief S. Holmes said, "No."

Japanese film crews arrived Wednesday and set up cameras in the trees surrounding the pond. Thursday morning they claimed to have footage of the monster, who has been dubbed "Breaddy" by locals, but the film was "accidentally" destroyed before being developed.

The suspect circumstances of the reported sightings and the film accident had led most people here to discount the story. But developments last night have shed new light on the situation. About 2:00 this morning, Breaddy was sighted near the main buildings on campus and later was seen in the shadows outside John Gardner's bedroom. This morning, Mr. Gardner reports, he found a thick manuscript on the floor beside his bed.

Early indications are that if he can be captured, Breaddy will be offered a fellowship next year.

Overheard: The object of writing isn't publishing. It's Bread Loaf.

We apologize for the blurry print of yesterday's page 2 of the Crumb. We did not discover until late at night that our presses had been sabotaged by ICBW strikers.

THE CRUMB

GOTTA DANCE!
GOTTA DRINK!
GOTTA SQUEEZE
MY CHEESE!



Vol. 56, No. 5
BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE
Sat., Aug. 15, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Lecture: A Few Words About Plot and Symbols	J. Irving	Little Theatre
10:10	Guest Lecture: Writing for Mass Media	W. Klein	Little Theatre
11:20	Lecture: Point of View, Narrative Voice	G. Wolff	Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups: Assigned groups and locations as on Thursday		
4:15	Reading: from "Annies" (non-fiction)	R. Powers	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: from "Waiting for My Life" (poems)	L. Pastan	Little Theatre

SAMPLER #1 . . .

The wind cooled and the golden Pacific smashed upon the foaming sand. Robyn curled against Dunning and let the talk drift about her. She was the only one who had not drunk wine, and yet she felt as though she were the only intoxicated member of the party. She was aware that Dun's friends regarded her as exotic and possible subversive: a celebrity, after all. There was nothing she could do about that. Her mind was involved with Dun's pipe. He had a way of hooking his forefinger and little finger over the stem. Everything that Dunning did had a sense of purpose about it; an intimation of deliberate planning and meditative forethought. It was a big reason why she loved him. She could never make him understand it. He always gave a short pæemptory laugh and told her she only wanted him for his personal assets. In a way he seemed unable to comprehend, he was right. His personal assets were a large, scrumptious body (although it was softening already at the middle and in a descending dollop of flesh behind the magnificent chin; and although Dun's calves were never meant for public consumption, being virtually without definition, so that in bathing trunks he somehow gave the impression of a man who had forgotten to wear his trousers); a gentle, at times whimsical nature; and, at age thirty, a mind as penetrating and encyclopedic as any she had known. Years ago she had attended a party in the SoHo apartment of a New York rock critic. The apartment walls were entirely coated with long-playing albums, stacked edge to edge. Someone had said there were fifty thousand albums in the apartment. Many of them were rock albums, but most were classical, operatic, jazz. Dunning Pinley's mind was like that... Dunning with a wall-to-wall mind, coated with the Harvard Law Review and old stacks of Barron's.

from Toot-Toot-Tootsie, Good-Bye
by Ron Powers

SAMPLER #2 . . .

You Who Are Literal

You who are literal even in love,
who treat each word
as journeyman to a fact,
consider the ambiguity of birds:
the owl's pentameter, for instance
the jay who names
his territories aloud--
you label those martial cries
song. And the weather:
the operatic fall of snow
buries alive with its grace notes
the roots of trees.
We are only translators, uneasy
unequipped.
In the hungry dawn
strange syllables stain our mouths
like berries picked deep
in the woods. Bitter or healing
poisonous or sweet
how are we to say?

by Linda Pastan

Woody Klein, who will give a guest lecture today at 10:10, is a widely published writer. He is the author of two books and numerous articles for national magazines, was a reporter and columnist for The Washington Post and The New York World-Telegram and Sun, and was press secretary to former New York mayor John Lindsay.

Crumb away with me to the Caspar: Whether you will return to your other life in Cambridge, Canton, or Casper, let The Crumb help you get there. On Wednesday, we will publish a list of any requests for riders or rides. Leave such requests--including your name, destination, time of departure, and mailbox number--in the Crumb box outside the blue parlor before 6 p.m. Monday. Remember: if you want to be taken for a ride, take The Crumb and leave the driveling to us.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!! Tonight, for your dancing delight, Jack Bridgman and his band of socialoids (Ben Reynolds, Blue Argo, Randy Bates, Elizabeth Hyde, Marty Hall) will present a gala of unequaled propositions. Guaranteed to raise the rafters of the barn, this dance has gained a reputation in recent years for breaking down the few remaining vestiges of formality and timidity and good taste among Bread Loafers. Come see the famous and soon-to-be-verging-on-famous writers don their dress jeans and high-heeled sneakers. The pumpers will be at their kegs and the spinners will be reaching into their golden stacks of wax. Tonight's the night: immediately after Linda Pastan's reading, in the barn...See you there.

Administrative staff will be reading from their fiction and poetry this afternoon in Barn 2 from 3:15 to 4:15 and tomorrow from 2:00 to 3:00. Come hear us sing the bawdy eclectic.

Tomorrow morning, there will be an informal reading by first-year Bread Loafers at 9:30 in Barn 1. If your feet have not survived tonight's dance, it should be a good way to spend a Sunday morning.

If your feet have survived the dance and are anxious to be pounded into hamburger, join the second annual Bread Loaf Cramp Run, a 3½ mile event beginning at 11:00 in front of Birch.

Writers for children also have a chunk of Sunday morning staked out. Anyone interested in that genre is invited to the blue parlor for fellowship and discussion from 9:30 to 11:00.

Nat Sobel, agent from N.Y.C., will be at Bread Loaf again this year to discuss the nature of the agent-writer relationship, the telltale signs of good and bad agents, and other topics of interest. He is also willing to read manuscripts (up to 50 pages per person) while here. Watch The Crumb for details.

Bookstore groupies: Tomorrow the bookstore will be open only from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Tips for toast: As is common knowledge by now (and as will be shown during late-night readings Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday), your smiling slingers of scrambled eggs, your polite purveyors of pork and pie, and--most importantly--your kind conductors of coffee, yes, your waitroids are working scholars, verily, yes, we'll say it, writers! Sweaty writers, admittedly, from steaming around the dining hall and kitchen, but writers nonetheless. A small, quite unobtrusive box, a little nothing of a coffer, has been sitting by the door to the dining hall, just waiting to be offered a bit of Andrew Jackson, perhaps an occasional Alexander Hamilton, even a Washington. Alas, hardly a Lincoln has passed its tin-foil lips.

Please keep that in mind when you're breaking your bank in the bookstore or the barn.

Do not forget tomorrow's concert by the Point Counter Point Chamber Players in the Little Theatre at 4:15. Their concert last year was accompanied by glorious sun and warmth. Chamber music never sounded better than to one lying on the grass outside the L.T. We can't promise the same tomorrow, but we can promise an outstanding concert in any case.

Which illustrates a problem, too: Sound carries into as well as out of the Little Theatre and various classrooms. Readings and lectures have been consistently accompanied by outside conversations over the past few days. Unless you wish to incur the wrath of a speaker and an entire audience as well as inform them all of how your agent done you wrong, please move away from the buildings where work is in progress.

Reminder: No eating, drinking, or smoking in the Little Theatre.

Stephen Corey edits The Devil's Millhopper, a small but growing poetry magazine, and he would like to encourage conference participants to submit as well as subscribe. Upcoming issues include a special feature on sequences of poems. Payment is in copies and response time is always, Steve says, less than one month. For more information, see him here at the conference or write to him later at the College of General Studies, University of South Carolina, Columbia, SC 29208.

THE CRUMB

WHEW!



HUFF
PUFF

GONNA WIN THIS RACE
WATCH OUT MARVIN BELL!

Vol. 56, No. 6

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sun., Aug. 16, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
3:00	Reading: from his recent work in poetry	W. Matthews	Little Theatre
4:15	Concert: Point Counter Point Chamber Players		Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: from <u>Mickelsson's Ghosts</u> (novel)	J. Gardner	Little Theatre

SAMPLER #1 . . .

A Small Room in Aspen

Stains on the casements,
dustmotes, spiderless webs.
No chairs, and a man waking up,
or he's falling asleep.

Many first novels begin
with the hero waking up,
which saves their authors
from writing well about sleep.

His life is the only novel
about him. Mornings
he walks past the park:
Tai Ch'i students practicing

like slow lorises.
A room on the second floor.
He'd dreamed of a ground floor
room, an insistent cat

at the door, its mouth pink
with wrath he couldn't salve
and grew to hate. All afternoon
he's a cloud that can't rain.

There's no ordinary life
in resort towns, he thinks,
though he's wrong: it laces
through the silt of tourists

like worm life. At dusk
the light rises in his room.
A beautiful day, all laziness
and surface, true without

translation. Wherever I go
I'm at home, he thinks,
smug and scared both,
fierce as a secret,

8,000 feet above sea level.
The dark on its way down
has passed him, so he seems
to be rising, after the risen

light, as if he were to keep watch
while the dark sleeps,
as if he and it were each
other's future and children.

by William Matthews

He brushed at the wetness on his cheeks with both hands, then bent his head and rolled his eyes up, still guilty but also cross now, damned annoyed at our daring to pull away on him. Maybe he sensed that his talking of himself as an artist was beginning to grate. His tone became stubborn, petulant. "But it's not as artists they do those things," he said, "or anyway the crazy things aren't what makes 'em artists, though maybe it all goes together, maybe artists are children, impractical and so on." He stretched his chin out, warning us not to agree with him too boldly. "But you gotta consider the end result," he said. He poked the table, hard, with his finger. "If he's an artist, what a man does, or a woman, is make things--objects which nobody asked him to make or even wanted him to make, in fact maybe they wanted him not to. But he makes them, and once people have them in their hands or standing there in front of them, people for some reason feel they would like to take them home with them or eat them, or if the object's too big to take home or eat, have it hauled to some museum. That's what it's all about. Making life startling and interesting again, bringing families together, or lovers, what-not."

from "The Art of Living"
by John Gardner

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Talk to your muse before the day advances too far; use your influence with the gods of sun and rain. For today should be a day of summer glow:

The second annual Bread Loaf Cramp Run will begin its 3½-mile course in front of Birch at 11:00 this morning. Think of how your heart has slowed down, your lungs have gone stale, your skin has turned decidedly yellowish, and your liver . . . don't even think about that site of chemical warfare. Now, consider the virtues of exercise in this crisp mountain air. It's only 3½ miles and when you return, Pat Moore will have the infirmary ready for you.

The Point Counter Point Chamber Players will offer a program of chamber music, including String Quartet Number ONE by Charles Ives, Mozart's Quartet for Flute and Strings, and a number of other works. The program will begin promptly at 4:15 in the Little Theatre.

Members of the Administrative Staff will continue reading fiction and poems to you but not, we hope, to the sound of leaking downspouts this afternoon from 2:00 to 3:00.

This morning at 9:30, first-year Bread Loafers will read from their work in Barn 1. However, after last night's dance, probably everyone here is as jaded as conference veterans.

Also this morning at 9:30, writers for children (kiddie litters) will gather in the blue parlor for a discussion of mutual interests.

Larch Well will host a BYOB cocktail party tomorrow afternoon at 5:00. Larch will supply ice and mixers. Larch's cousin, Blue Argo, will be available to autograph cocktail napkins on behalf of the reclusive Miss Well.

The socialoids will again take your orders for beer, wine, hard stuff, and literary Annies (not to be confused with Baby Ruths) in the blue parlor at 1:30 tomorrow. Pick up your goods (euphemistically speaking) at the Larch Well party tomorrow evening.

Note that the bulletin board outside the bookstore has sign-up sheets for reprints of some lectures delivered this summer. A small fee will be charged to cover reproduction and mailing costs. Copies will be mailed in the fall.

Most Bread Loafers are well aware of David Bain's considerable talents, in both literary and musical fields, but few know about other aspects of his nightclub act, such as impersonations. Friday night, the administrative staff having become accidentally locked out of the office, David demonstrated his well accomplished impersonation of an unsolicited manuscript by going over the transom.

SCHEDULE NOTES: Stanley Elkin's lecture has now been rescheduled for 11:20 a.m. Monday. The panel on research has not yet been rescheduled.


Parking on the highway in front of the Inn is forbidden by all the laws of god and man. The highway department will soon lose its sense of humor. The fire department, if it ever comes, will get its hose bent out of shape. It is important that you realize expensive tickets from the Green Mountain Boys will soon ensue.

Running and walking on the highway should be done as if a 40-ton log truck fueled by barbituates were coming at you. The College insurance officer asks us to remind you of such.

If you are interested in ghost-writing or co-authoring books for rural and alternative lifestyle audiences, contact David Robinson (box 2365), a Vermont publisher. Note that the publisher would be able to work only with people living in New England.

Fiction Women: On hearing Howard Nemerov's elephant joke, did you look below your waist and say, "Huh?" Do your pronouns keep lapsing to "she" when your protagonist appears? Did your heroine's sexual awakening involve a skinny rock star, puny poet, the school's dumbest jock, or her married biology teacher--but not a single hooker, buxom librarian, or cheerleader? Do you look to G. Eliot, G. Sand, J. Austen, A. Nin, C&A Bell, P. Athene and the White Goddess for inspiration? Do your plots turn on what happened at the girls' school before it became a resort hotel, the high dramas in the drawing rooms before they got swept under the wrestling mats and taken over by bears? If so, expose yourself. In the words of the girls in the bushes with the boys in the band: we need you. Come read 3-4 pp scene from your frankly female fiction tonight after John Gardner's reading, in the blue parlor. All are welcome.

THE CRUMB

MAYBE BYRON  WILL GET ME A DRINK AT LARCH WELL...

Vol. 56, No. 7

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Mon., Aug. 17, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Lecture	T. O'Brien	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Easy Writer	W. Stafford	Little Theatre
11:20	Lecture: Where I read what I read	S. Elkin	Little Theatre
2:00	Guest Lecture	P. Gray	Little Theatre
3:10	Panel: Magazine Editors	A. Turner & A. Smith	Little Theatre
	from The Family Album (novel)	M. Morris	
4:15	Readings: from Work, for the Night is Coming (poems)	J. Carter	Little Theatre
	from An American Saga (non-fiction)	D. Traxel	
8:15	Reading: from Waking to My Name (poems)	R. Pack	Little Theatre

SAMPLER

A Modest Boast at Meridian

"No spring can follow past meridian."
--Stevens

If I embraced a horse, baby,
with all my power,
its neck would stretch like a giraffe's
in one impassioned hour;
and if I nibbled your ear,
an elephant, trumpeting its charge,
would thunder through the forest
of your veins at large.
Take me, my girl,
at the least pleading, I am your own,
prepared to spread largesse among all beasts
who famish at the bone
and wish to freshen at my watering place
where bannered leaves parade the wind's reply:
Be fruitful and go multiply!
Honey, by God, I vow the rains
will swell your lettuce-patch;
the hens will chortle in their huts,
and every golden egg will hatch.
And if, poor mortal girl, the truth
is all that we can bear,
I swear that I'll concoct a yarn
for us to weave our winter bed in
now that lying youth is gone.

from Waking to My Name
by Robert Pack

SCHEDULE NOTES: Stanley Elkin's lecture, originally scheduled for last Wednesday, will be at 11:20 this morning. The panel discussion being replaced by the lecture has not yet been rescheduled.

If I live through these two weeks, give me a ride to my Rocky Mountain peaks: Those drivers and would-be riders who didn't make a match at the Saturday night barn stomp are invited to try The Crumb's list of rides and riders. Jot down your name, box number, destination, and departure time (if set) and leave it in the Crumb box outside the blue parlor by 6 p.m. today. The list, if one comes about, will appear Wednesday.

Miss Larch Well, reclusive patron of the arts, invites all conferees to converge on the lawn outside Larch Hall at 5:00 today. Although Miss Well is a well-known supporter of this conference and font of culture and perhaps is the most visible of Bread Loaf's liquid assets, she believes that letting us stand on her grass is quite enough, so BYOB.

(Some conference participants have remarked that the name Larch Well sounds very familiar but that they can't place her. You will probably remember her best for her part in the movie *Gone With the Wind*. Miss Well's hands were used in place of Vivien Leigh's during close-up shots after Scarlet O'Hara's weeks of labor in rebuilding Tara.)

The second sortie ad aquam vitae (booze run) takes place today. Place your order in the blue parlor at 1:30 this afternoon and pick up the order at the 5 o'clock party.

Your waitroids, sans smocks, will read some choice morsels of poetry and prose tonight, tomorrow night, and Wednesday night in Barn 2 immediately after the conclusion of the 8:15 readings. Regardless of your response, they vow to stand by their manuscripts. Each of the three readings will be about an hour long. Everyone is invited.

Also tonight at 9:30, everyone is invited to an informal reading of poetry and prose in the sitting room of Gilmore (aka, by self-admission, the deviates' cabin).

Who's left? Everyone is invited to a reading tomorrow night at 9:30 in the blue parlor. "Poets who have not yet read at Bread Loaf" (except William Stafford and Howard Nemerov) are invited to bring their work and read.

Two members of the administrative staff, Marty Hall and Blue Argo, were not able to read along with their comrades on Saturday and Sunday due to squeezed schedules. Marty and Blue will read for about ten minutes each this coming Friday evening immediately after Howard Nemerov's reading.

DEAR EDDY: *advice to the literary-lorn*

Dear Eddy: I need advice. I am one of those poets whose lines run on in pursuit of free expression but who suffers from the pathetic fallacy and whose meter lacks animation and whose spirit cannot keep it up, to try using an iambic line, alliteration, even writing a sonnet, in service to my muse. What should I do?

Perplexed in Petersburg

Dear St. Pete: Simple. Go to Bob Pack's reading tonight. He sometimes treats this subject.

Nat Sobel, agent, will arrive today and will read up to fifty pages of your manuscript. If interested, bring your ms. to the office by 3 p.m. today.

One of the social markers of the conference's passing is a large cocktail party on the lawn of Treman the last Friday of the session. Among the delights of the party are hors d's. This year, for the first time, the conference socialoids are sponsoring a contest to find the best eatable (appetizers, hors d's, munchies, and so on) available. The Bread Loafer who submits the best recipe for use at the Treman party will be invited to participate as a socialoid-for-the-day. As such, you will get to dress, talk, look, and speak as a socialoid. You will be introduced to their arcane habits of mind. Your name will be published in The Crumb. But not to drive you away--please submit. (EOE--this is an equal opportunity enterprise for cooks of every gender.) Send your recipes to Blue Argo, box 2251, by noon Wednesday.


BREADDY'S BOOK: An initial reading of Breaddy's book has revealed that the monster from the Johnson Swimming Pond is not what we first thought. The book is the remarkable--probably autobiographical--account of a would-be "literary Andy" (the male counterpart of a literary Annie) who has spent his wretched life crossing the country from one writers' conference to another. At each he finds a new adventure in trying to seduce famous women writers. But at each conference, he fails--not because literary Andys don't have their uses, but because he is embarrassingly obvious about it all, which is true of most people 8 feet tall and covered with fur: a bit too macho, as Breaddy describes it. Thus, at each conference he finds hostility and abuse as well as adventure. In the end, he develops an awful psychosis, fear--mostly a fear of women, women of every sort: humanists, hustlers, heroines, hackabouts, hookers, hussies, heterosexuals, heart-throbs, hack writers, wenches, wags, wasps, WACS, wilting and wall flowers, Florence Nightengales, floozies, flag-wavers, flickers, feminists, frumps, philologists, psychologists, free-associators, poets, prissies, practical nurses, nihilists, nags, nerds, nimboes, needle-workers, nannies, naturalists, and especially fiction writers. And why does he find women--especially women writers--so fearsome? That is the story of his picaresque novel: Fear of Fanny; or, the True Adventures of a Misogynous Monster.

Watch The Crumb for excerpts.

THE CRUMB

LIGHTS!

CAMERA!



ACTION!

Vol. 56, No. 8

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Tues., Aug. 18, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Workshop: Fiction	S. Elkin	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	E. Jong	Barn 1
10:40	Guest Lecture: Literary Agency	N. Sobel	Little Theatre
2:00	Workshop: Poetry	M. Bell	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	T. O'Brien	Barn 1
3:30	Readings (children's literature)		
	from <u>Just Like Always</u>	B. Sachs	Little Theatre
	from <u>Just An Overnight Guest</u>	E. Tate	
4:30	Readings		
	from <u>Sitting in Darkness</u>	D. Bain	
	from <u>The Company of Strangers</u> and	P. Cooley	Little Theatre
	<u>The Room Where Summer Ends</u>		
	from <u>Portraits and Elegies</u> and other poems	T. Schnackenberg	
8:15	Reading: from <u>The Last Supper</u> (novel in progress)	H. Wolitzer	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

On the morning of the funeral, Linda woke thinking she had forgotten something critical. Whatever it was rose almost to the surface of consciousness and then sank, like the content of a dream. She had to wake Robin by shaking her, and the girl sprang up in bed gasping as if she'd been attacked. They dressed in silence and sat down to breakfast in continuing silence. Linda was forced into chattiness and an explosion of platitudes in order to break it. Did Robin want orange juice, grapefruit juice, tomato juice, or V-8? At least it wasn't raining: rain made everything more depressing, didn't it? How about Raisin Bran? Total? Cocoa Puffs? She was treated to that now familiar little shrug, as automatic as a tic. How would they ride all the way to Iowa together, only the two of them alone in the car?

Even at the mortuary, Robin was impassive, except when the furnace door was opened to receive the coffin, releasing a rushing sound like the very winds of Hell, and her eyes widened and her hands jerked to her face.

Several men from the surgical-instruments plant were there to pay last respects, and they watched and listened with solemn faces in which Linda thought she detected a faint underglow of relief. Not me! Not me! Halleluja, not me!

from Hearts

by Hilma Wolitzer

THE SECOND WEEK of Bread Loaf officially gets under way today with the end of lectures and the beginning of workshops. The workshops are open to anyone interested in attending; poets may attend fiction workshops, novelists may attend non-fiction workshops, and fiction writers may attend the workshops on investigative poetry.

Many of the workshops will rely on your familiarity with the manuscripts reproduced by the office staff. Copies of these mss. will be placed on the table outside the bookstore each evening after dinner. Take and read them for the next day's workshops. But do not take the manuscripts for any workshop you are not sure you will attend. Since the talents of most people here do not extend to the simultaneous occupation of two different spaces, the staff is not making enough copies for every person to have one. Please keep that in mind.

No one was admitted to the darkened chambers of Miss Larch Well yesterday afternoon or evening, due to her sore disappointment over the cocktail party's movement to the barn, but one reporter thought he caught a glimpse of Miss Well--briefly holding back the lace curtain in her fourth-floor window to look out on the puddled lawn. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he saw a handkerchief raised by those famous hands to dab away the tears. (All our reporters carry binoculars)

A message came out early this morning, though, that Miss Well is much improved and is already directing preparations for one more attempt at such a party, tomorrow evening at 5:00.

The socialoids have been practicing their highest mathematics to handle the demand during the third and final liquor sortie tomorrow. Again, orders are in the blue parlor at 1:30 and pick-ups are at the 5:00 cocktail party.

TODAY is the last day to cash checks at the front desk. Do so before 1:00 p.m. After that time, your checks so prettily screened with mountains and wildflowers will turn to crumbs--a fate worse than overdraft.

Nat Sobel will lecture on agency today at 10:40. He will discuss whether a writer should have an agent, how good and bad agents can be distinguished, what an agent will do for you, and what will be expected of you in return. Mr. Sobel will also answer your many questions. (If you intended to get a manuscript to the office for him but failed to do so, check with the office to see whether any additional mss can be submitted.

ON THE SILVER SCREEN: Tonight's full-length feature film is The Thin Man. Lights out at 9:45 in the Little Theatre, so be prompt. Following the movie, several men from the conference who are thin will emote and spontaneously recite spondaic monometer verse relating to the quality of thinness.

A political rally has been scheduled for midnight tonight. Bob Houston informs us that it will be set in the bathroom on the right side of Birch Hall. Bob invites all Bread Loafers interested in joining the Birch John Society.

Non-fiction writers who want to share their work are invited to gather in Barn 1 tonight after Hilma Wolitzer's reading. Everyone is invited to attend, but anyone caught reading fiction will be publicly humiliated.

"Poets who have not yet read at Bread Loaf" will gather in the blue parlor tonight at 9:30 to become transformed into poets who have read at Bread Loaf. (And some people say there's no spiritual life here!)

Crazy Carol and that garrulous gang of garçons will present their second of three readings tonight after the Wolitzer reading in Barn 2.


Readings continue to abound as individual Bread Loafers find others with common interests and organize to discuss and demonstrate the expressions of their particular orientations. One of these readings will be held tomorrow afternoon at 5:00. This reading of literature for and by short people will feature two guests: Truman Capote is expected to discuss the short story as an underdeveloped genre; and Lil Dorrit will read briefly from a novel in progress, Larger Than Life. She is the author of several works of fiction and non-fiction prose, among which are A Star Low on the Horizon, a biography of Mickey Rooney, and Little By Little, a collection of short-shorts. All short people are invited to bring brief passages from their daringly diminutive dissertations. The reading will be held among the toadstools around Johnson Pond or, in case of rain, in the Inn's phone booth. (All sensitive tall people are welcome insofar as space permits.)

STAR LOG 5607: The Starship Bread Loaf had been traveling slowly through the middle cosmos for a week, its liquid fuels propelling it deeper each moment into a region both strange and familiar to the veteran crew. They and their novice voyagers wondered if IT would happen again this year. There was every hope, but no sign.

Monday evening came. Although we had spent the entire day in a dark and forbidding region of space and though our sensors detected a near-by black hole, the starship was passing uneventfully into the Larch-Barn complex of alcomagnetism. An uneasy sense of other-worldliness seized the crew as they trooped from the vaulted observation chamber to the galley. Once there, they immediately beheld a bizarre throng of alien beings. Although they resembled humanoids, their sexual character was a perverse distortion of most Bread Loafers, thus betraying their disguises. With leering faces and unnaturally pendulous parts, they leaned over the crew and passengers. But oddly, our fear passed and soon we recognized IT, the telltale symptoms of the second week. Then we knew, we had flipped into an alternate Bread Loaf, where the sky is black, the earth is iridescent, and every poem sounds the same.

OVERHEARD. (woman to Marvin Bell): "At this point, I'd do anything." Exactly which point is that, Marfin?

THE CRUMBS



I wish Erica would write about fear of cats

Vol. 56, No. 10

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thurs., Aug. 20, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Workshop: Poetry	H. Nemerov	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	S. Elkin	Barn 1
10:40	Workshop: Poetry	W. Stafford	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	G. Wolff	Barn 1
2:00	Workshop: Poetry	L. Pastan	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	H. Wollitzer	Barn 1
3:30	Lecture	T. DesPres	Little Theatre
4:30	Readings		
	from "Crossing Cocytus" & "Timing Devides"	P. Mariani	Little Theatre
	from <u>The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward, Robert Ford</u> (fiction)	R. Hansen	
8:15	Reading	E. Jong	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

The Execution of Llewelyn was a Solemn Event which the entire Crew attended. Tho' Executions were customarily held at Dawn, not Sunset, Whitehead had chosen this Hour because 'twas exactly a Week Llewelyn had rav'd 'neath the rotting Corpse of Cocklyn; and 'twas Whitehead's Nature to be so exact in his Cruelties that no one might fault him upon Trifles. His Philosopjy might be disputed, but the Forms it took were punctilious. Like many Men who make a Virtue of Vice, he put much Faith in Form and Conduct (as if indeed Vice well-perform'd were Virtue's very Self, whilst Virtue ill-perform'd were but the Essence of Vice).

O I had oft' remarkt in History Books how very orderly the Pictures of Executions seem'd! Headless Men all lain in a Row, their Toes pointing heavenward--as if they would walk there instead of the other Place--their Necks seemingly cut with no Effusion of Blood: O what a Mockery of Death with her Odours and Stinks, her nasty Reminders of Mortal Decay, and Flesh returning to Clay! Man turns away from both Death and Birth, little wishing to acknowledge the Dust from which we spring and to which we must, despite our Heartiest Protestations, return. E'en Women, after Childbirth, forget the Ordeal, the Closeness of Death, the Pain that near splits the Body from the Soul, and go on to breed and bleed again.

from Fanny

by Erica Jong

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS! We're overstocked and have been ordered by the Department of Revenue to liquidate our assets out of here. Frankly, folks, we'd rather sell them than count them. That's why we're bringing you a store full of fabulous fiction, and more, at incredible savings. You won't believe your eyes! That's a big 20% off the regular price on most titles. You heard right: 20 Lincolns on the Washington. The big sale starts today at 8:30 and with prices like these, we'll be mobbed. So don't miss this opportunity--you'll never see another one like it again!

Eleanora Tate's young-adult novel (it's still growing), Just An Overnight Guest, is now available in the bookstore

COCKTAIL PARTY FRIDAY EVE., DOO-DA, DOO-DA: 5:00 tomorrow on Treman lawn (we like to keep on the move). Come recoup, rebutt, reaffirm, and relax before you re-enter, re-adjust, and relapse. Your socialoids, better known as the Magnificent Six--even better known as the Six Mental Dwarfs (we threw bashful down the entrance to Miss Larch Well's subterranean watering hole) will be on hand to ply you with drinks (soft and hard) and a smorgasbord of unforgettable edibles. Lord Byron Bridgman will appear as a symbol of the star Sirius and will recite his favorite doggerel and tales for the delight of guests. Miss Well has promised to make a brief appearance on the veranda of Chateau Treman to wave at the adoring public with one (she hasn't decided which yet) of her hands,,gloved, of course. Bob Pack will bite the necks of all children present with tin foil fangs. From the Johnson Swimming Pond, Breaddy will arise and go then, and go to the Inn. It's free. So be there!

A woman's blazer has been found in the blue parlor. (Only 4-wheel-drive vehicles have been able to get up the porch steps.) Please identify and retrieve it at the front office.

A BLUE AND LAVENDER cotton quilt jacket last seen lurking in the dining room a few days ago is missing. Please contact Shyla Irving or leave a message at the front desk if you have seen it. (Don't they know that in an inn, you have to screw everything down.)

RIDE WANTED: Bonnie ZoBell (2399) to Manhattan or environs on the 23rd. Share exp.

A LIST of people booked with World Wide Travel has been posted on the bulletin board.

--- (Happy anniversary to the 158+ pound marriage.) ---

TEAR OFF AND TURN IN TO FRONT DESK TEAR OFF AND TURN IN TO FRONT DESK

The continuous and unbroken dream ends Sunday. (You must vacate your room by 11:00 a.m.) The front desk must know who is going to leave early and who will need rides off the mountain. Fill out this form and return it to the front desk.

Name _____

Departure Date _____

Departure Time _____

Will you need transportation? _____

PLAY BALL! Due to the major league ball-players' strike, the Bread Loaf softball season will begin late and end early. Game time is 3 p.m. Saturday. If you cannot play but have a mitt, please lend a hand.

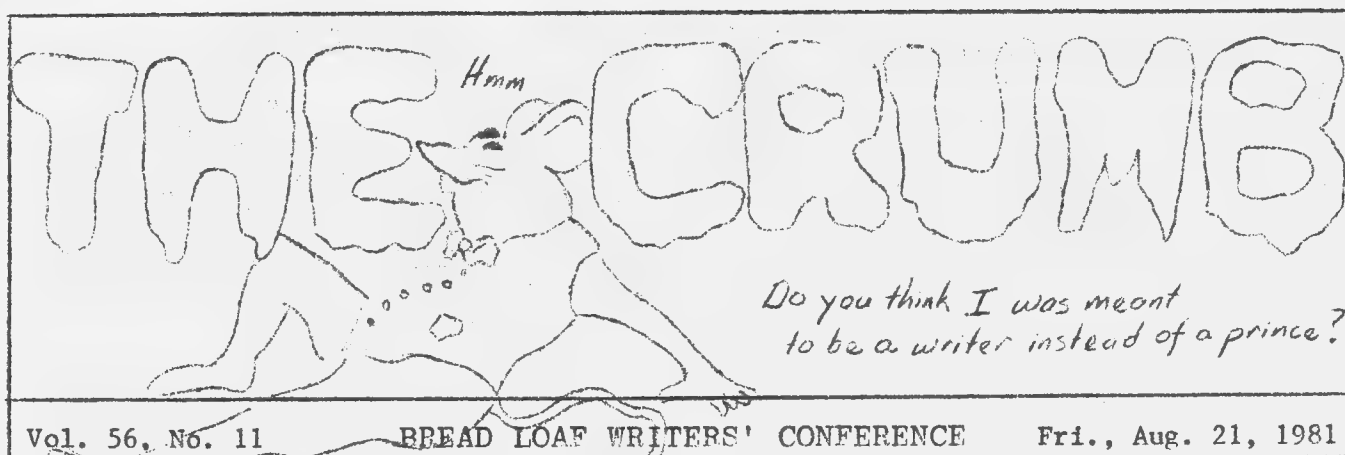
The Scholars in Poetry will read some of their work tonight in Barn 2 after the Jong reading.

Tomorrow evening from 9:30 to midnight, the Conference will sponsor a remedial reading by a select group of Bread Loaf writers. To qualify, you must score lower than 200 on the Creative Literature Aptitude Test (CLOT), administered by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, or have a culturally deprived background (such as having illiterate parents or owning a copy of Love Story). Members of the staff will be close at hand to help the readers pronounce words and to make the readers feel good about themselves.

BY AND BY THE END of the conference, the average Bread Loafer will have consumed 36 meals, 71 cups of coffee, 11 cups of juice, and enough food to feed the entire population of Um Ruwaba Sudan for a week. All at the hands of your smiling, courteous, brave, clean, and reverent waitroids. And don't forget the floor shows: the glitter, the bright lights, the classy choreography, and novel costuming (not just everyone would have a sex-change operation for a joke!). So don't forget the tip box, either. The unassuming tip box is on a table just inside the dining room entrance. They will accept personal checks, travellers' checks, cashiers' checks, money orders, gold teeth--even cash (but no Canadian coins, please).

You will also have disrupted those coin-bouncing sheets on your beds about a dozen times also (we'll all pretend, okay?) The housekeepers who make your beds and change your towels and clean up that mess are also deserving of your, uh-hmm, little testimonials. Such may be left directly in the palms of the housekeeper on your floor or may be left at the front desk of the Inn (with your room number indicated).

The winner of the 1981 paisliest coat contest is John Gardner; however, other entrants have complained that their coats could not be judged fairly due to the glare from John's.



SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Workshop: Fiction	J. Irving	Little Theatre
	Workshop: Poetry	W. Matthews	Barn 2
10:40	Workshop: Fiction	T. O'Brien	Barn 1
	Workshop: Poetry	M. Bell	Barn 2
2:00	Workshop: Fiction	J. Gardner	Little Theatre
	Workshop: Fiction & Non-fiction Prose	R. Powers	Barn 1
3:45	Readings		
	from <u>The Nation Thieves</u> (novel)	R. Houston	Little Theatre
	from <u>Designing Women: In Light of</u>	P. Hadas	
	<u>Genesis: and new work</u>		
8:15	Reading (fiction)	S. Elkin	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

Hell was the ultimate inner city. Its stinking sulfurous streets were unsafe. Everywhere Ellerbee looked he saw atrocities. Pointless, profitless muggings were commonplace; joyless rape that punished its victims and offered no relief to the perpetrator. Everything was contagious, cancer as common as a cold, plague the quotidian. There was stomachache, headache, toothache, earache. There was angina and indigestion and painful third-degree burning itch. Nerves like a hideous body hair grew long enough to trip over and lay raw and exposed as live wires or shoelaces that had come undone.

There was no handsomeness, no beauty, no one walked upright, no one had good posture. There was nothing to look at--although it was impossible to shut one's eyes--except the tumbled kaleidoscope variations of warted deformity. This was one reason, Ellerbee supposed, that there was so little conversation in Hell. No one could stand to look at anyone else long enough. Occasionally two or three--lost souls? gargoyles? devils? demons?--of the damned, jumping about in the heat first on one foot then the other and perhaps get out a few words--a foul whining. But even this was rare and when it happened that a sufferer had the attention of a fellow sufferer he could howl out only a half-dozen or so words before breaking off in a piercing scream.

from "The Conventional Wisdom"
in Greatest Hits
by Stanley Elkin

BECAUSE SOME OF YOU HAVE ASKED HOW MUCH AND WHY AND WHEN and other questions concerning the leaving of tips for your local waitroids, we offer the following notes: What kind of tip would you leave at a restaurant on a tab of \$120? Ten percent? Fifteen or twenty? How much of a tip would you leave for 35 meals? Fifteen percent of \$120 is \$18, about 50¢ per meal. And how much would you tip the maid in a hotel for making sure your bed was made, your towels clean, and your trash emptied?

Well, of course, you should leave what you think is warranted. We only ask that you remember that the staff of waitroids are not professionals at serving meals and stacking dishes; they are writers. Their fees are partly paid by these working scholarships; the rest they pay themselves. They receive no other wages.

Tips for waitroids should be dropped in the foil-covered box at the dining room entrance. Tips for maids should be given directly to the maid on your floor or left at the front desk.

OVERHEARD: "Oh damn! I'm feeling nostalgic already."

SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS: Tonight's the night! The final 1981 BLCF (Bread Loaf Cocktail Party) begins at 5:00 on the Treman lawn. This is not a BYOB; it's on the conference. This is one of your last chances to partake of Bread Loaf's potables and quotables; come say witty things and twinkle in the afternoon sun. Sartorial preferences will be the order of the evening; Bergdorf's to Bean's, Army-Navy to Fiorucci. Julia Child and Craig Claiborne are being flown up to prepare the hors d'oeuvres. Byron will be there with his lady on his arm. Miss Larch Well will be there and has promised to wear the fingernail polish she featured in the 1946 classic film, "Give Our Leathernecks a Hand". Barn if--we won't even discuss it.

ATTENTION: Middlebury grads and undergrads. There will be a meeting of minds with Robert Pack this afternoon at 5:00 in the Blue Parlor. Various items will be discussed.

The Bread Loaf Scholars in Prose will read from their work tonight in Barn 1 immediately after Stanley Elkin's reading. The scholars report that a well-known poet will make a special guest appearance. (Use the hook, then reel them in.)

Book reviewers will also meet to discuss their mutual interests tonight after the Elkin reading. Barn 2.

SCHEDULE NOTE: Due to the influence of the air traffic controllers, Stanley Elkin will read tonight and Howard Nemerov will read tomorrow night. Howard has been put in a holding pattern but reportedly will have enough fuel to keep from crashing until after tomorrow night.

RIDE WANTED: To either Portland, Maine, or Boston on the 23rd; by Betsey Osborne (2358).

BART TEUSH is Director of Undergraduate Theatre Studies at Yale University. He and an associate, Shari Weinger, will meet informally with authors who have not written playscripts but who believe their writing might be appropriate to a dramatic text. The meeting is today from noon to 1 in blue parl.

DAVID GODINE, of David Godine Publisher, Inc. will speak at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon in the Little Theatre. Subject: Authors and publishing.

CRUMBLES from Carol Knauss

The much rumored-about and eagerly awaited address list will be available Friday evening (tonight) after dinner. Pick up your very own copy on the table by the bookstore stairs. It is a limited edition; so please take only one copy.

The 1981 Conference is indebted to Nicki Weiss for unique contributions of whimsical art to The Crumb and to the Sign Department.

If you want copies of staff, fellow, scholar, waitroid, or administrative staff photos, sign up on the lists posted by the office door and pay the secretary. Prints will be mailed within six weeks.

Copies of lectures will be sent if you signed up for them. But be patient.

Vacation!! The Conference secretary will be on one beginning Tuesday (8/25). Don't phone for at least a week!

(Crumbles continued . . .)

Our new phone number is 802-388-3711, extension 2286.

You will receive a copy of the 1982 bulletin late in February. It will not include an application form; if you wish to come back to Bread Loaf, you must re-apply. Applications will be accepted at any time, but work on admissions will not begin until March.

Do write to us. We'd like you to keep in touch. It may take us a while to answer, but we will eventually.

Among friends, goodbyes are difficult. Thank you for being our friends. Have a safe journey home, and come again soon to Bread Loaf.

Carol


CRUMBI ANTIQUI, sort of: Last year we ran what you might call a "think piece" that proved to be quite popular. It has been revised and updated for this year's BL:

The Road Not Taken: We all know that many people who write were actually intended by God to do other things, to follow other roads--and that has made all the difference. The Crumb has investigated this phenomenon among this year's staff and participants and has determined the Providentially intended roles of some:

Ron Powers: Bouncer in a San Francisco topless-bottomless bar.
 Bob Houston: Gambler on a Mississippi River boat.
 Jack Bridgman: Blacksmith.
 Pamela Hadas: Lepidopterologist.
 David Hadas: Rabbi.
 Don Axxin: Chief of Staff at Memorial Hospital on TV's "As the World Turns".
 Geoffrey Wolff: Apothecary in Zurich.
 Terrence DesPres: Roadie by day, cat burglar by night.
 Stanley Elkin: Owner of a delicatessen.
 William Matthews: Lapidary specializing in semi-precious stones.
 David Bain: Nick Caraway.
 Marvin Bell: Professional soccer player.
 Carole Oles: Usher at Lincoln Center.
 Mary Morris: Radio dispatcher for the Bayonne, NJ, police department.
 Paul Mariani: Philadelphia butcher.
 Hilma Wolitzer: Head nurse in a maternity ward.
 Stanley Bates: Fred MacMurray.
 Virginia Bates: Daughter-in-law.
 John Gardner: Alchemist in 13th century Wales.
 Ron Hansen: TV weatherman in Boise.
 Linda Pastan: Madam Pastani, palmist.
 Lizzie Mansfield: Cathy in Wuthering Heights.
 Tim O'Brien: Pit mechanic at Indy 500.
 John Irving: Pilot of Fokker Tri-plane in World War I.
 Bob Pack: Real estate broker for undeveloped land in Florida.
 Howard Nemerov: Methodist minister in WV.
 William Stafford: Dispossessed owner of a 5&10¢ store during the depression.
 Steve Bauer: Host of TV's "Let's Make a Deal".
 Dick Ross: George Burns.
 Hilde Ross: Gracie Allen.
 Erica Jong: Trick rider in a wild-West show.
 Carol Knauss: Counsellor in a home for un-wed mothers.

THE CRUMB

LAST TANGO



IN BREAD LOAF!

Vol. 56, No. 13

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sat., Aug. 22, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Workshop: Poetry	W. Stafford	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	E. Jong	Barn 1
10:40	Workshop: Poetry	H. Nemerov	Barn 2
	Workshop: Fiction	G. Wolff	Barn 1
2:00	Panel: Beginnings	Staff	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: from <u>Collected Poems</u> and <u>Sentences</u>	H. Nemerov	Little Theatre

SAMPLER . . .

A Myth among the Clerisy

The intellectuals have an esoteric myth
 Which is hardly heard of, and never believed,
 Outside of universities, and that is why
 It is such a splendid myth. It goes like this:

Somewhere back in the sacramental high sublime,
 Between Aquinas, say, and Alighieri, all was wonderful.
 Alighieri seems not to have noticed this, but it is thought
 He stood too close to his canvas to get the big picture.
 Anyhow, wonderful. A primal, paradisal unity
 Of thoughts and things. The world might have been made by God.

But then we sinned and fell. We sinned and fell
 With Abelard, with Scotus, and with Occam; sinned and fell
 With Roger Bacon and Sir Francis Bacon; sinned and fell
 With Descartes and Newton and Leibniz and Locke; we sinned and fell
 Into nominalism, thence into skepticism, thence into materialism,
 Empiricism, positivism, behaviorism, Marxism, Freudianism,
 And a pandemonium of other isms, including scientism--

Meanwhile, we were hit, and right in the same decade, too,
 With The Origin of Species and the Second Thermodynamical Law,
 Which got us hung up between evolutionism and degradationism,
 Between vitalism and mechanism, followed by a host of other isms
 Followed in turn by war and the various ends of the world.

All this we richly deserved to have happen, and it did.

But now, by the discovery of uncertainty relations,
 The development of statistitcal ideas of cause,
 And the paradoxical behavior of single electrons
 Confronted by a choice between two holes,
 Mystery has been restored to the universe.
 And when all this is fully understood of the people,
 God will become more sympathetic to mankind,
 The real estate developer will run on charity,
 And the blade of the bulldozer bite not so keen.

TELLTALE SIGNS:

The workshops conclude this morning; no official readings are scheduled for the afternoon; Howard Nemerov gives the final reading this evening. No more cocktail parties. The final address list is done. The bookstore will close. The library will close. Lord Byron will howl at tonight's moon. Miss Larch Well will return to her finger-painting.

BUT IT'S NOT OVER YET: Sounds from the barn will throb through the valley and over the hills one more time tonight as the alcoloids and the spinners will host the final dance of Bread Loaf 56. Come beat back the clock tonight immediately after Howard Nemerov's reading. Do not go gentle into that good night; dance, drink against the dying of our light.

DE MUNDI: The bookstore will be open for those last-minute purchases today from 8:30 to 12:30. Books remain at a 20% discount (we only tear out a fifth of the pages). P.S., book mailers are in.

Library books were due yesterday! Please bring your books back so that the librarians can go home too. Those failing to comply will have their Dewey decimals cut off!

Don't forget our rendezvous: An intimate dinner for 250 will be among the last natural acts of this year's conference. Crazy Carol, Rockin' Robin, Born-Dead Sweney, the Puerto Rican Firecracker, and all the other singing skits-oids will be there in their finest whites. The tables will be set with the finest Korean flatware. The candles will have been lit at both ends. The lights will be low. And the food...Chef has promised us a meal that we will remember for the fifty weeks until next Bread Loaf--or at least through the night. So don't spoil your appetite in the barn before dinner. Come prepared to feast!

DAVID GODINE, of David Godine Publisher, Inc. Boston, will speak in the little Theatre this afternoon at 3:30. His subject will be "Authors and Publishing," which pretty much covers it.

From the Crumb box: There will be a reading of the estarist's (sic) work today at 4:30 in Barn 2. (Your guess is as good as ours.)

Gustave Flaubert: "Writing is a dog's life, but the only life worth living."

Gene Fowler: "Writing is easy; all you do is sit staring at the blank sheet of paper until the drops of blood form on your forehead."

OVERHEARD (from the past):

Q. Are you going to sign up to see the agent?

A. Honey, I don't need an agent; I need a psychiatrist.

Have You Paid Up? For photographs, for your socializing, for tips, for the detoxification program, for your sins? Settle the score now before you are held eternally in arrears.

THE CASE OF THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK: The still much eagerly awaited address list, complete and unexpurgated, was not ready last night due to something that suddenly came up. But it's coming. Just be sure you know the last name or origin of all those people you have met and want to write. Out of the 250+ people here, there are 79 Davids, 91 Susans, 43 Johns, 76 Richards, 104 Elizabeths, 38 Anns, 55 Carols, 28 Judiths, and 1 Gjertrud--or thereabouts. Anyone needing quick memory lessons, see Jared Carter.

CRUMBI ANTIQUI (from August 23, 1927--54 years ago tomorrow):

"This evening at eight Dean Davison will read from the poems of Mr. Frost, if there are any who care to hear them. This appointment is not a lecture and is not at all a part of the regular program of the Conferences. If you are busy, it is hardly worth your time to attend, provided you know Mr. Frost's poems. The only possible excuse for offering the opportunity is to give those who are interested a chance to refresh their memory regarding some of the poems and in this way perhaps to prepare you to welcome Mr. Frost tomorrow. The Dean hopes that no one will come out of a sense of duty or courtesy merely. He will not be at all offended if he finds that no one cares to hear the reading. He merely offers it for those who may by any chance be interested, if there are any such. Guests of the Inn not members of the School are invited if they care to come, but as the program will be practically a duplicate of that given earlier in the summer, they are duly warned and must endure the consequences if they choose to bore themselves again by the Dean's reading. The only possible redeeming feature is that Mr. Frost's poems bear repeated readings. Well--anyone come who wants to, and cordially welcome."

Subtle.

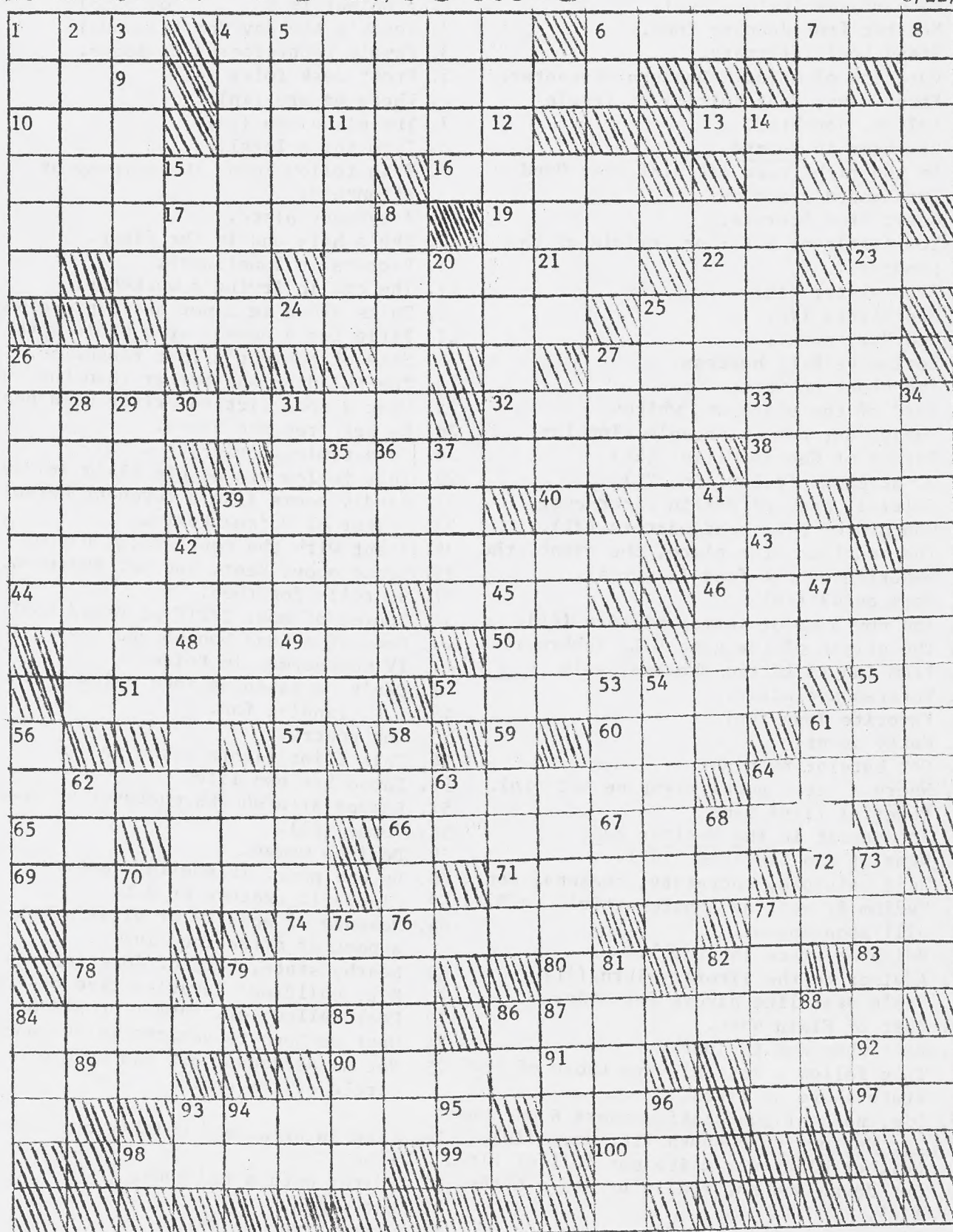
COMING DISTRACTIONS:

Note that The Crumb will issue its Saturday supplement, "Loafing Around" today at lunch. The main feature of the supplement is the second annual Bread Loaf Crossword Puzzle. Be sure to pick it up.

The Crumb's final 1981 edition will appear as if by magic very early tomorrow morning. Those of you who are leaving early may wish to pick it up for solutions to the crossword puzzle. Those of you staying for the detoxification program will need it for schedule notes. Also in tomorrow's Crumb will appear the first published excerpts from Breaddy's book, sure to be a collector's item in future years. (Warner Brothers is already talking megabucks for the movie rights.)

LOAFING AROUND

The Crumb's
Saturday Supplement 8/22/81



THE BREAD LOAF CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The second annual Bread Loaf Crossword Puzzle is brought to you as an aid to your studies for the big exam tonight. A list of solutions will appear in tomorrow's Crumb. Note that this puzzle is slightly unconventional because the drudge we hired to compose it had never seen a crossword puzzle before (but he was cheap). Two parenthetical notes in the clues will be helpful: a number followed by "L" indicates the number of letters in the word, necessary because in a few instances the word ends before the blank spaces run out; also "in" will indicate that the solution consists of either a set of initials or an abbreviation. But then, all writers like a challenge, right? Keep in mind that this isn't just any crossword puzzle; only a Bread Loafer could ever complete it! (Clues to the puzzle are on the opposite side of this page.)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE CLUES

Across

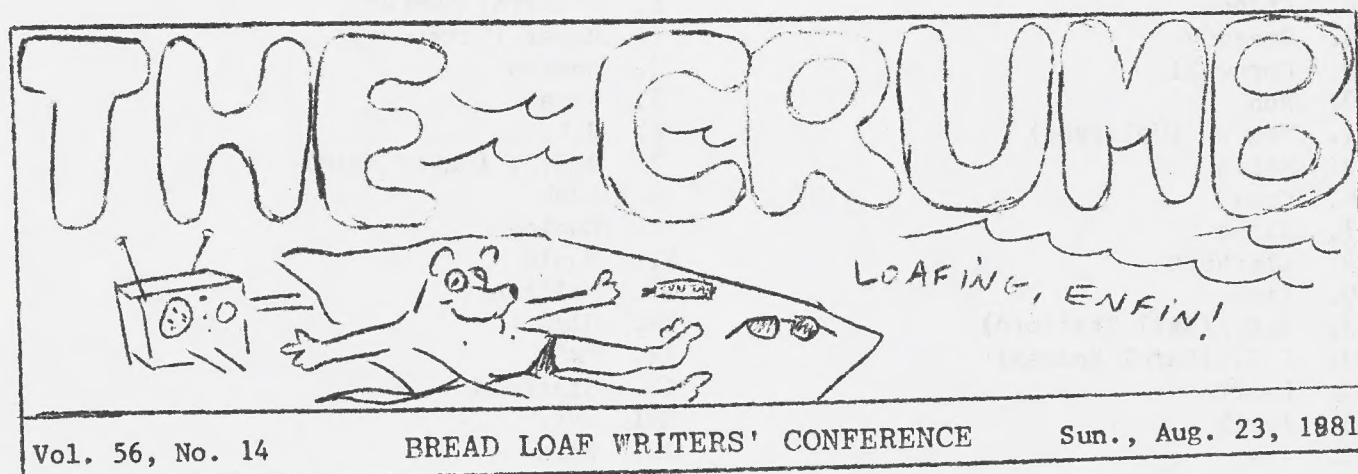
4. Hero of new Irving novel.
6. Monster from Johnson Pond.
9. Bread Loaf infirmary.
10. Vocation of major McDonough character.
11. First name, last initial of female fellow, daughter.
13. Daughter in Hearts.
16. On the right side of Chief Left Hand.
17. Two-handed reaction.
19. Guest from Georgia.
20. Too little at B.L.; or, origin of the paparazzi.
22. Easy writer (in).
23. Secretroid (in).
24. New H.W. novel.
25. Reclusive B.L. hostess.
26. The black on white.
27. Lord of the black and whites.
31. Fuzzy, but not in sheep's clothing.
32. Father of George Mills. (5L)
33. M. Bridgman fellow. (in, 2L)
35. Initial, name of Berlin alter-ego.
38. Homonym of B.L. headquarters (2L).
42. The mountain, the place, the event, the experience, the food (2 words).
43. Same as 42 (in).
44. And now a major motion picture (4L).
45. The origin of the name B.L. (abbrev.).
46. From Inn to Little Theatre, walk _____.
49. Veteran socialoid.
50. Favorite Jong topic.
51. Natty agent.
52. Cat burglar by night.
55. Where a nurse novel might be set (in).
60. Powerful first name.
61. Antagonist in The Nuclear Age.
62. Home of the alcoloids (6L).
63. Head waitroid, secretary, seasonal song.
64. Medium 6f mss; or, where article on B.L. will soon appear.
65. Neighbor state (abbrev.).
66. Advisor to the literary-lorn. (4L)
67. She's just like always for kids.
69. Host of Elkin show.
71. Best when out to lunch.
72. This fellow's initials are those of the state where he lives.
77. Dim. name of two staff members & one guest.
78. Not Ms; or, deep south lit. mag. (in).
79. Neither black nor white but full of time.
80. Not Jayne and not really Bronte's Cathy. (in).
82. First name of two staff members and of O'Brien protagonist (abbrev.).
83. Misc. editor (in).
84. Dares to double his dactyls.
85. Franchiser's foil (in).
87. Editor from this side of the Atlantic (6L)
89. Same as 65.
90. Edits for rabbit lovers.
92. Just an overnight guest but she stayed two weeks.
93. Speaks in Sentences.
97. Desperado (in).
98. Former press aid.
99. Son of the duke (in).
100. She has more than one heart (in).

Down

1. A sniper is a _____ of people.
2. Today's the day for his novel.
3. Female counterparts of Andys.
5. Front desk folks (4L).
6. Where we are (in).
7. The piano man (in).
8. Term for a local.
9. This fellow keeps the company of strangers.
11. A syrupy place.
12. She's here and in the flesh.
14. Factors in loneliness.
17. The eye in Irving's workshop.
18. Talks along in a not quite prose way.
21. Title for a woman; or a whole work.
22. Site of tonight's last tango.
23. The building was better than the jubilee.
25. What a good fiction writer does best.
26. He set free the bears.
28. Uses timing devices.
29. This fellow staked his claim in Mass.
31. Hardly seems like a revenant herself. (5L)
33. Editor of Triquarterly.
34. Agent with the continental charm.
35. Wrote about Kent, but not superman.
37. He tolls for thee.
39. Source of most TRUTH at Bread Loaf.
40. Name of a head honcho and a socialoid.
41. TV weatherman in Boise.
47. Can't be taken at face value (in).
48. L.C. Fanning fan.
53. Not poetry.
54. This flint lights fires too.
56. Saved her own life.
57. Leaves aftershocks wherever he goes. (4L)
58. Verse (6L).
59. Designs women.
60. By any name, it smells sweet.
62. Cinematic feature at B.L.
64. Measure of acidity or alkalinity; or, a poet of affection (in).
68. Nearby state, home of Jong (abbrev.).
70. B.L. building; favorite tree of Frost.
73. Poet fellow; or, former president.
74. What we hope to achieve in our work.
75. Not an astronaut but has made a perfect circle of the sun.
76. Used in bread and whiskey but doesn't rise.
77. Editor with a red book.
78. Not woman.
81. George from Tendril.
84. Moore a nurse than a writer.
85. "_____d by your manuscript," waitroids say.
86. Western approaches from St. Louis (in).
88. Fred MacMurray (in).
91. Would-be Fanny? (in).
92. Also where a nurse novel might be set (in).
94. Ancestor of modern English (in).
95. Boston publisher (in); or Elkin's show host (in).
96. Carries around a sack full of old quarrels (in).

Omission above:

76. What we all get very little of at B.L.



Vol. 56, No. 14

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sun., Aug. 23, 1981

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Time	Event	Speaker	Location
9:00	Welcome and Introduction: How to Return to the Sobering World Out There"	J. Beam, M.D.	Barn 1
10:40	Lecture: You and Your Liver	J. Walker, Ph.D.	Barn 1
2:00	Lecture: Facing Your Spouse	V. Johnson	Little Theatre
3:30	Group Encounter Session	Staff	Main Barn
4:30	Panel: Confessions of Closet Bread Loafers	B.L. Alumni	Little Theatre
5:30	Mandatory Cocktail Hour: Fruit Juice Only	All Staff	Treman
7:30	Initial Detoxification Session		Infirmary
8:15	Reading of Inspirational Literature	B. Graham	Little Theatre
9:30	Singalong: "A Farewell to Barn"	Everyone	Main Barn
10:00 & beyond	Fifty long weeks till next Bread Loaf		All Across the Land

FROM BREADDY'S BOOK . . . A Fear of Fanny;

or, The True Adventures of a Misogynous Monster

I had thought that she would be like every other famous woman I had approached at every other writers' conference across the land; she wasn't and Bread Loaf wasn't.

She and I sat alone in her third-floor room, which overlooked the green grassy lawn where, during a mid-conference cocktail party, I had first spied her and she had first seen me. She wasn't gorgeous--a little old--but then monsters can't be choosers.

Anyway, there we were. I was staring at the worn carpet and was busy picking little vermin out of the fur on my throat. But she was staring at me. It made me a little uncomfortable. We were alone, a long night and another week of the conference ahead of us.

"You're a brute--all eight feet of you," she said.

"I know," I said.

"A monster."

"Yes."

"I bet you could rip me apart."

I looked at her. She didn't seem fearful. "Do I frighten you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, positively glowing.

"But I wouldn't--rip you apart, that is."

"No?" She seemed disappointed. "I bet that you would if you got really riled."

"No. I swear not."

"Let's see about that," she said. Whereupon she stood up in front of me. She had elbow-high white kid gloves on, but as she stood before me, she began to remove them, loosening one finger at a time. "We'll see," she said. And having loosened all the fingers on both hands, she pulled them off with two swift strokes.

"Oh, my!" I said upon seeing those famous fingers, those coveted hands.

"Miss Larch, it's really you!"

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

(Watch for Fear of Fanny, coming soon to a bookstore near you.)

Solution to the Second Annual Bread Loaf Crossword Puzzle

Across

4. Franny
6. Breaddy
9. Cornwall
10. Nun
11. Meg W. (Wolitzer)
13. Robin
16. Coel
17. Claps
19. Lindberg
20. Time
22. B.S. (Bill Stafford)
23. C.K. (Carol Knauss)
24. Hearts
25. Larch
26. Ink
27. Byron
30. Wolff
32. Elkin
33. G.K.S. (Gjertrud Schnakenberg)
35. T. O'Brien
38. In
42. Bread Loaf
43. B.L.
44. Garp
45. MT. (mountain)
46. north
49. Ben
50. sex
51. Sobel
52. Des Pres
55. Or
60. Ron
61. Ned
62. Treman
63. Carol
64. Post
65. NH New Hampshire)
66. Eddy
67. Sachs
69. Gibson
71. agent
72. S.C. (Steve Corey)
77. Stan
78. MR (Mississippi Review)
79. Grey
80. E.M. (Elizabeth Mansfield)
82. Wm (William)
83. R.J. (Rick Jackson)
84. Pack
85. S.E. (Stanley Elkin)
87. Curtis
89. N.H.
90. Turner
92. E.T. XXXX (Eleanora Tate)
93. Howard (Nemerov)
97. R.H. (Ron Hansen)
98. Klein
99. G.W. (Geoffrey Wolff)
100. H.W. (Hilma Wolitzer)

Down

1. (Steven) Hunter
2. Bauer (Satyrday)
3. annies
5. Ross
6. B.L.
7. D.H.B. (David Bain)
8. Yank
9. Cooley
11. Maple
12. Wolitzer
14. Oles
17. CBS
18. Stafford
21. Ms.
22. barn
23. Cherry
25. lying
26. Irving
28. Mariani
29. Edwards
31. Lobel
33. Gibbons
34. Borchardt
35. Traxel
37. Bell
39. Crumb
40. Bates
41. Hansen
47. R.P. (Ron Powers)
48. Powers
53. prose
54. Roland
56. Jong
57. Bain
58. Poetry
59. Hadas
60. Rose
62. Thin Man
64. PH (Pamala Hadas)
68. C.T.
70. Birch
73. Carter
74. Art
75. Pastan
76. rye
77. Smith
78. man
81. Murphy
85. Pat
85. Stan
86. H.N. (Nemerov)
88. S.B. (Bates)
91. E.J. (Jong)
92. E.R. (Emergency Room)
94. O.E. (Old English)
95. D.G. (David Godine or Dick Gibson)
96. B.W. (Bruce Weigl)

76. rest

*

*

*

The vivid and continuous (for two weeks) dream ends today. The Crumb thanks you all for your interest and support in this little bit of Bread Loaf. I thank you for your various submissions though not all could be used. I also thank a variety of people who offered ideas: Stanley Bates (who always saves up his one good idea a year for The Crumb), Virginia Bates, Jack Bridgman, Elisabeth Hyde, Maggie Risk, Betsy Sachs, Susan Thornton, Suzanne Doyle, Carol Knauss, and, for her daily contribution to The Crumb's drawings, Nicki Weiss.

The Crumb wishes 50 good, healthy, productive weeks till next year.
John Bryan, Chief Crumb